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I WANT TO BE GOVERNOR!

OFFICE OF "PUCK" 23 WARREN ST. NEW YORK.

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ILLUSTRATED BY.....JOS. KEPPLER.
BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN.
EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER.

NOTICE.

Owing to the steadily-increasing pressure on our columns, the

ADVERTISING RATES
of PUCK will, after the 1st of October, be raised
50 PER CENT.

All who wish to avail themselves of the present rates must hand in their advertisements before the above date.
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NOTICE.

THE press of advertising matter, this week, has obliged us to cut a large portion of "Puck's Exchanges." In order to put before our readers a full amount of reading matter, we shall hereafter publish a two-page supplement whenever our business department encroaches upon our reading matter. The first of these supplements will appear next week.

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WAGES ON THE ELEVATED ROADS.

PUCK'S prophecies are invariably fulfilled. We always did say that the octopusial arrangements that have tentacled nearly the whole of the city would constantly be giving trouble, in some form or another, and behold! we were right.

The agony in this instance is that the fortunate stockholders haven't been scooping in dividends enough to comfort their mercenary souls; not that Mr. Tilden has got the better of Mr. Cyrus Field by several bar'ls, or that Mr. Field got cruelly left while on his way to England to make arrangements for his fall importation of live dukes, earls, viscounts and baronets.

Yes; the trouble is that, owing to some occult reason, the elevated roads do not pay more than 50 per cent. per annum, and the directors are at their wit's ends what to do about it.

Several schemes were suggested to get them out of their quandary, and these ultimately were reduced to two. One was to pull down the roads and return to first principles and horse-cars. The other—ah, brilliant thought!—to reduce the wages of their employees.

The objection to the first of these was obvious: the public would be seriously inconvenienced; and although many of the inhabitants on the line of route would have rejoiced at the idea of being able to get a whole night's rest, by way of a change, still, crowds of people had become accustomed to be rapidly steamed up town, and would not willingly surrender the luxury, though the working of the road forced on an unfortunate stockholder a miserable fifty per cent. yearly dividend on his fearfully appreciated stock. To pull down the roads would therefore be injudicious, although the company might have to put up with a dividend of sixty per cent.

There was then but one thing to do—to cut down the wages of the employees. Such a proceeding would affect only a few unimportant individuals, and would not be nearly so much labor as to cart away and sell the tracks, pillars and supports of the structure for old iron.

The reduction was decided on, and has been carried into effect, consequently everybody is happy all round—especially the conductors, who, for ten or twelve hours work, now receive the munificent sum of two hundred cents a day; and platform-men and gatemen the equally liberal remuneration of one hundred and fifty cents. What the wages of the engineers have been reduced to, is not stated in precise terms, but we always did think engineers were paid too much.

We see no reason why they shouldn't get the same pay per trip as a bootblack gets for a shine, say five cents. This is more than enough, considering that engineers have facilities for keeping themselves warm, which bootblacks haven't—and heat, after all, is the one principal element in the support of life.

Besides, if engineers are hungry, they can chew coal; there is usually plenty of it on the locomotive, and it is a delicacy not within the reach of everybody. So we don't want to hear any more complaints from engineers, much less from signalmen, gatemen, and conductors, who ought to thank their stars that they have any work to do at all, and are in receipt of such magnificent salaries for doing it.

As for the suffering directors, officers, and stockholders, we recommend their cases to our pauper millionaire Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt. He will surely help them out of their difficulties. A fellow railroad feeling makes us wondrous kind.

STRONG MEAT FOR BABES.

IF you want to bring up a child in the way he should go to hunt Indians, wreck railroad trains and play highwayman, let him browse on the literary pastures cultivated by the publishers of the story-papers and the dime-novelists.

We believe it was Professor Sumner who first took the liberty of calling the attention of parents and guardians to the fact that the subject of infantile literature was not unworthy of the attention of adults. Until very lately, people thought this matter quite beneath their notice. The Boy Buccaneer and the Youthful Avenger of the Plains were merely jokes, trivial and unconsidered absurdities. Now, at last, we are beginning to recognize them as very active and dangerous factors in the social education of our children.

It is not needful to comment largely on our centre-page cartoon. For one thing, it speaks for itself, and then again, such comments have been anticipated by many more serious and powerful utterances than lie within our scope. All that we have to do is to put in formal words the question that our picture suggests.

Can we, decent and right-loving citizens, afford to tolerate a literature that simply befouls the pure minds of innocent and ignorant children? Can we afford to let unprincipled speculators make a trade of this unholly pandering? It is not a question of inciting boys to be idiotically adventurous, or girls to be foolishly "fast." It is a subtler influence that this class of literature exerts on the child's mind—the avidly receptive mind that is led away by a factitious excitement from all pure, high and worthy ambitions. "Flash" writing and flash publishing may not make brigands of our boys, or wantons of our girls; but is it not likely to make them just such men and women as the flash writers and publishers?

And are these good or desirable men and women?

Puckerings.

MADE to order—Slaves.

THIS is the Bolt for the Belt.

BOUND to the weal—The public.

A TART APPLE isn't an apple-tart.

SOME of them are Rowelling—home.

WE have seen Mr. Cornell's portrait. We shall vote for Robinson.

DIVORCE proceedings have commenced. Mrs. Langtry is going on the stage.

THE kind of billiards which just now is the favorite with the ladies is Ca-poul.

MEASURES are being taken to enable Mr. Peter Cody to vote for the Hon. John Kelly.

THE heterodox Superintendent being retired, no Kidd'll now be led into spiritualistic ways.

WE are betting all our money on Weston and Ennis. Not as walkers. As conversationalists.

WHAT we Americans said at the last election the Englishmen now say of the walking match—Hazel be counted in.

SMITH excuses the mistake he made when he spelled diary dairy, by asserting that they are both milk-and-watery affairs.

THE Young Republicans announce that they "will not bolt, but scratch." Mr. Kelly's adherents have bolted, and they habitually scratch.

It has been suggested that a pretty girl in front and a tax-collector behind would keep the average pedestrian up to a five-hundred-and-fifty mile score.

WHY is it, when our words get grand and upperish, Our thoughts at once become quite weak and Tupperish?

The summer months in silence part;
The Poet's heart
Opes in a song of praise to Her—
Also doth ope the chestnut burr.

MR. CYRUS FIELD has reduced the wages of the employees of the Elevated Roads, because he wants to save money enough to entertain the king of the Cannibal Islands, who is coming here next year.

AN EYE TO THE FUTURE.

Mother to her daughter just seven years old—"What makes you look so sad, Carrie?"
Carrie, looking at her baby-brother three weeks old—"I was just thinking, that in about ten years from now, when I shall be entering company, and having beaux, that brother of mine will be just old enough to bother the life out of me."

NOTICE.

The Numbers 4, 5, 6, 13 25 and 108 of PUCK will be bought at this office, 21 & 23 Warren St., at 10 cts. per copy; and Numbers 9, 14, 26, 56 and 58 at 25 cents per copy.



On high Olympus's elevation
There sat two rulers of heaven's vault,
And Hebe poured them, in sweet libation,
The newer nectar of hops and malt.

'Twas Jove and Bacchus—the god of thunder—
Dispenser of mortals' joys and woes:
And Bacchus, smiling his rose-wreath under—
A full aurora was in his nose.

They puffed their nicotine at their leisure,
And dreamily gazed at the world below,
Its bootless struggle, its painful pleasure,
Its politicians devouring crow.

"O, Bacch, old boy," said Jove as he bent to
Pick up a thunderbolt for a light,
"I knew there was something or other I meant to
Ask you about, the other night—

The night we went off on that—well, no matter!"
And he rolled his cigar between his teeth,
And dropped his thunder, sending a splatter
Of casual rain to the earth beneath.

"It may, perhaps, have escaped your notice—
Those mortals are raising an extra god.
Just like their mundane impudence, though 'tis—
Dash my eyes, sir, a trifle odd

Not to have given a voice in their powwows,
To the ruler of heaven and earth, begad.
I tell you, the times have gone to the bowwows;
The mythological biz is bad."

And, pointing down where the far Pacific
Pauses the Golden Gate to kiss,
"They've prepared," said he, "a splendidific,
Old-fashioned, square apotheosis!

They are decking the city with flags and flowers
For the new god coming from over the sea.
I've a mind to stir up a pack of showers
To remind the irreverent beggars of ME!

The air with bunting is filled, that flutters,
And flaps to the winds of heaven his fame;
And the shop-keeper cheers, and puts up his shutters—
Bacch, do you know this—person's—name?

Is this his portrait I found in Mars's
Coat-tail pocket—this photograph?"
And Bacchus smiled, and said: "Bless my starses!
Boss Immortal, you make me laff."

You rouse my risibles, Jove Eternal!
Does never your eye unwinking run
Over the Louisville *Courier-Journal*,
Or the New York daily and weekly *Sun*?

You're safe, old man, in your high position,
You're not the man he would fain supplant.
'Tis rather with me he's in competition—
That "person's" name is—Ulysses Grant."

MR. MICHAEL ANGELO MULHOOLY ON THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

No. I.



"When I say the perlitical situation, I mean the local situation. I ain't no snoozer-at-large, nor no Washington sardine. I t'row meself on Noo Yark, I do, and that's why I'm chinnin' now.

When I say chin-nin', I mean talkin'—conversin'. I ain't no slouch on grammar meself—no, nor none of the b'yes in me gang—that is, click, I would say.

I'm a shoutin' for Kelly, I am. Kelly's the boss candidate, I tell you.

When I say the boss candidate, I ain't refer-rin' to Cornell. Cornell's a bleedin' low-down Republican, that's what he is. I suppose I may take it for solid that you ain't no bleedin' low-down Republican yerself. In course you ain't. Hamlet would have chawed some of your meat before this, if he'd have smelt a bleedin' Rad.

When I say Hamlet, I mean Ham—that's my purp. Oh, he's a tough citizen, he is. He's got a sorter mansard roof on him, he has, jes' now. Look at that orf eye. I give him that. Night afore last, down to Larry's—Larry Gaffney's—no, maybe 'twas to Dutch Ike's—I can't rightly call it jes' this minit—Hell! I was fearful lush. Didn't know what I was doin'—most kicked yer damn eye out, didn't I, purp—hey?

When I say lush, I don't mean I was on no low drunk. I was jes' on a quiet, gentlemanly booze wid Maginnis an' some of de b'yes—some 'f the members, I mean to say.

Maginnis says, says he:

"Mulhooly," says he, "the principles this canvass is got to be conducted on is the principles of aristocratic democracy."

"Maginnis," says I to him, "Maginnis," I says: "there ain't no such thing as aristocracy compatible with the principles of the Democratic party. That's just what took Dorsheimer's wind out of him. Now don't you go to givin' us no aristocratic guff, or you'll be hearin' from the ole man," says I.

"Mulhooly," says he, a-holdin' onto Micky Geoghegan's whiskey, by mistake for his own, "Mulhooly," says he: "now don't you go for to make no mistake. This canvass has got to be conducted on aristocratic principles, and we've got the boss aristocratic candidate, you jes' freeze to that fac'. We ain't goin' to elect no ole rooster of a farmer like Loosh Robinson; we want a man wid some style about him."

"Maginnis," says I to him, says I: "Maginnis, that there's the straight steer. We want a gentleman, we do."

"Mulhooly," says he to me, "Mulhooly," he says: "you've got a big head, you have."

And den—then, I mean to say—he cleans out Geoghegan's glass, 'n' Geoghegan says to me, say he: "Mulhooly," he says, "what sort of a man do you call that?"

"Geoghegan," says I, "you go chew bricks, he ain't no Westchester snide, anyway."

"Do you call me a Westchester snide?" says Geoghegan, a reachin' for the water-jug.

"I ain't callin' no one naathin'" says I; an' I give Ham a boot in the eye, I did, bajeeze!

John Kelly's the boss candidate, now you freeze right to dat—that, I mean to say.

NOT THEIR SEASON.



MR. MIGRATOR SNIPE:—Hump yourself, Anna Maria, hump yourself. Seems to me I heard a gun.

A DINNER DUETTO.



MISS METWITH to Frank Arnold said,
In accents soft, caressing,
"Play Pollux to that Castor, dear,
And let me have some dressing."

Said he, "Your dressing's scant enough,
I'll gladly give you more, love."
She answered: "'Tis a paradox
How bluntness, flat, can bore, love."

"Ha, ha!" he laughed, "That's quite well put;
May Heaven strike me dumb,
But Sarah Metwith's giving birth
To sharp Sal Atticum!"

Said she: "When at the altar we
Woo Cupid's coy devices.
Though you kneel down Frank Arnold, love,
A Benedict Arnold rises."

"It may be I'll a traitor prove,
But Pat defines a traitor
As 'a foine old Irish gentleman
That's ginorous wid the cratur.'"

"Speaking of craters, dear," said she—
"Now prithee do not say no—
There's one I wot, like Tophet hot,
In a queer gal-ic volcano."

"You mean this Arab Bernhardt, dear—
Small her desert, in truth!
Who gossip doth dare in London fair,
And boldly keeps a Booth."

"The French," mused he, "must backward be
With Thalia as with Mars;
At least so I astrologize
By the pose of their chief stars."

"But come," he cried, "I'll drink to love,
Soft beauty, youth, and yet, with-
al, this trinity of charms
Will soon cease to be Metwith."

"My dear," said she, "speak carefully;
Remember you have dined
Just now; like muscovado prime,
You are sweet but unrefined."

Then soon she lost her temper, and
Calling him: "Horrid fool!"
She rose two feet from off the floor—
And placed them on a stool.

A. LONG-FELLOW.

LITERARY NOTE.

WE have overhauled "The Earl of Mayfield," a novel recently published by Messrs. J. B. Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia. The book isn't half bad of its kind; indeed, some of the characters, especially that of Mary Stuart, are well enough drawn to show that the author was not destitute of graceful ideas.

CONVENIENT.



MR. MIGRATOR SNIPE.—Anna Maria, we'll just settle down here, I guess, till the Florida season opens.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CVI.

HIS VIEWS ON MATRIMONY.



Ya-as, Jack says that a gweat numbah of my admirwahs are verwy desirwous of acquirwng some ideah of my opinions on the subject of getting marwied, aw matwimony.

Don't know, I'm sure, if the expression of them will go verwy extensively towards ameliorwating the condition of the human wace. But, I suppose, the main object is to learn how a Fitznoodle weasons, which is, of course, a verwy different pwocess fwom that of an ordinarwy fellow-cweachah.

I have fwequently weferwed to a young lady named Miss Marguerwite, whose acquaintance I made a considerwable time ago.

Although it is considered indifferwent form to say much about spooning or making oneself excessively agreeable to the softah sex—not dignified altogethah, ye know—still, as marwiage is almost a necessarwy evil, I suppose I may make a wemark or two, as a long time will pwobably elapse befaw it entirely goes out of fashion.

Aw, ye see, some men cawn't marwy—cawn't afford to keep a wife. She's a gweat deal maw expensive than a yacht or a fai-ah stable. Besides, she verwy often wants the yacht and horses too. So, in the aggwegate, the amount necessarwy to carwy on the establishment is quite considerwable.

But aw considerwations of this kind do not bothah me. I nevah think about anything so pwactical aw twivial as pecuniarwy matters. Too much of a baw.

It is immaterwial to me—always has been, ye know—in what quartah of the globe I weside, or how many different establishments I keep up.

But at pwesent I am just waverwng as to whethah I shall weally pwopose to Miss Marguerwite, or weturn to Eurwope and aw marwy somebody in my own set.

Perwhaps marwriage would have the effect of impwoving me, if that were possible; but then it might be awkward having an American wife. I don't know how some of my pwejudiced welatives would tweat her, and Miss Marguerwite is of too high a spirwit to b-b-bwook anything in the shape of snubberwy.

Aw and even if they were favorwably impwessed with her, it is aw, ye know, just possible that she might not weturn the compliment, and feel like a wed herwing or othah descwption of fish out of watah. Devilish awkward to come to any wesolution in the affai-ah.

I think befaw pwoposing I shall wite to Mandeville—Manchester's son, ye know—and learn what pwogwess his American wife makes in appweciation of Bwitish mannahs and customs and society aw.

I hea-ah, howevah, fwom severwal of my fwriends who affect Wales's set that the fellows who have honahed American gyurls by marwyng them have not, on the whole, any particulah weasons to be dissatisfied with their aw fai-ah bargain. They have behaved themselves tolerwably well, and have done nothing outwé, and have fallen quite naturwally into our style of doing things, in some instances as if they had been accustomed to it fwom a verwy early perwiod in their historwy aw.

Perwhaps in my next I may have something to say about the mannah in which a fellow may expect to pass the season he-ah in New York. —I mean if he is f-f-fool enough to continue to weside in such a place aw.

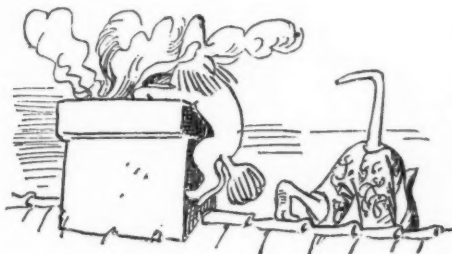
TRODDLEDUMS, THE SIMIAN.

PART VII.

The "Cistern" mentioned in our last
Was a well—but let the past be past.



To give his foe more particular fits
To the roof tree Troddledums takes the Spitz,



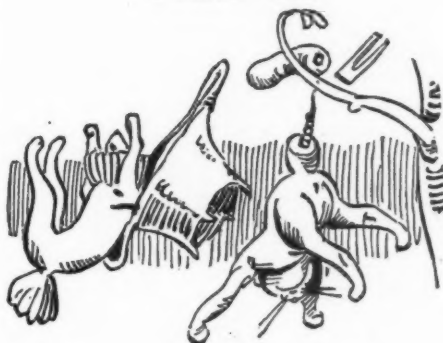
And hangs him over the top of the chimney.
While he bounces off like a flash, by Jim'ny!
Now the smoke that comes up from a fire of coal
Is bad for the eyes, upon the whole;
It furthermore makes a fellow cough;
And Jim the Spitz gets promptly off—



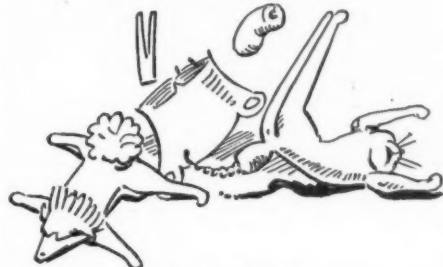
Just as the Cat with the loaded tail
With pain in her heart and a woful wail,
Leaps out on the roof, and she and he
Come crashing down through a cherry-tree.



That is, they come part of the way a-crashin'
Then stop for a second, after this fashion.



Only a moment, and then the tip



Of the Cat's tail parts, and lets them slip.



And then they part company, straight away.
And wholly conquered, after that day,



The Troddledums' rule they both obey.

The Troddledums on the Pi-an-ay
Like "My Mary Anne" proceeds to play.



This shows you how he tries the keys;
Then sitting down, more at his ease,



An apple he eats, while his two feet go
Up and down, andante fortissimo.



And here he tries another style—



Then works his caudal prehensile—



And finally is put to flight
By the wrath of an ardent Wagnerite.



[More Hereafter.]

TALES OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

IV.
BUTTER-SCOTCH.

A ROMANCE OF THE "L" ROAD.

I.

"Her beauty was a thing to dream about."

—JONSON.

NEVER had the rising, or for that matter the setting, sun shone upon a fairer maiden than Georgiana Fitzaltamont. Eighteen summers, devoted to excursions, and clam-bakes, and picnics, and eighteen winters, devoted to circuses, and dances, and peanuts, had ripened her into charming maidenhood. Her black eyes were as large and melting as those of Juno, the "cow-eyed queen of heaven;" her tresses of jet were immense in the day-time; her features were as delicate and regular as if they had been chiseled by Phidias, except that her nose was a trifle door-knobby; her form was as graceful as a willow—weeping; her teeth were like thirty-two pearls, except that they were copper-toed; and her ruby lips would have made a stick of sealing-wax howl with envy—if it could howl. In brief, she was almost too sweet to live; one felt that she should be gilded and put in a glass-case.

Royal blood flowed in the maiden's veins—by the left hand, of course. Georgiana always felt that if she could only trace her ancestry beyond her grandfather she would find that she was a Plantagenet.

It was, however, another case of how are the mighty fallen. Georgiana, the fairest, the very flower of the Fitzaltamont race, was compelled to earn the daily bread and butter which she devoured, by engineering a bonnet-shop in the Bowery.

II.

"His limbs were fashioned in no common mold,
His face was nobly marked, his carriage bold."

—ROWE.

At early morn, when the little birds were twittering, and the sun was stealing up the heavens, and—in short, at 7 A.M. precisely, it was the custom of Alonzo Bermadina to enter one of the cars of the elevated road at the 129th Street station. His straight and manly form was so tall that he was compelled to bow his noble head when he entered the car. True, he might have been fatter, but you could say that of Daddy Lambert; and everybody admitted that Alonzo was stouter than a lamp-post. His hair and mustache were a little hot in color, but the shade of hair which one prefers is, so to speak, caviare to another. His greyish eyes appeared to be deeply sunken in his head, but that was caused by the prominence of his cheek-bones. When he gaped his mouth resembled a coal-hole, but all great men are large eaters. He had, what Napoleon said all great men must have, an immense nose. Alonzo was not beautiful, but there was nothing naughty about him.

At seven o'clock every morning, then, this heroic youth entered a car of the Elevated Road at the 129th Street station, in order to be carried to the store of his employer on the Bowery, where daily, from 7.45 A.M. to 7.45 P.M., he measured tape and jumped counters.

III.

"Two hearts that madly yearn
Against each other soft to beat."

—HERRICK.

At 7.03 A.M. precisely the train in which Alonzo rode rolled up to the station at 125th Street. There every day for a week had Georgiana Fitzaltamont entered the train, aye, the very car in which Alonzo was seated. As she entered, with her willowy, graceful motion,

Alonzo's eyes would fall upon her; as she softly dropped into her seat, his eyes would rest upon her. Never, apparently, had she glanced upon him, yet in reality out of the tail of her eye, she had observed that he was wearing his crimson scarf, or his black-and-tan breast-pin, or his Pompadour shirt-bosom, as the case might be.

From the day when his optics had first fallen on her, Alonzo had yearned to know her. Every morning for a week his heart had throbbled madly when she entered that car; every morning for a week he had felt that his destiny was wrapped up in that bale of calico, lace, flipperies, and gewgaws.

"How could he form her acquaintance?" was the conundrum which bothered him. Every night he sat up till midnight, chewing tobacco, without regard to the boarding-house carpet, in hopes that a solution of the conundrum would come to his wearied brain. He thought in vain, but chance took the thing in hand, and—

IV.

"Oh, give sweets to the sweet."

—MILTON.

It was thus. One morning she softly entered the car. She carried her nose a little higher than usual, and therefor did not observe carefully what she was doing. An itinerant vendor of butter-scotches had placed his pan full of those choice edibles on the seat beside him, and had then fallen to staring out of the window. Georgiana sailed down the passage-way, and flopped down on the butterscotches as innocently as if she had been sitting down on a hornet's nest at a picnic. The vendor abandoned his observation of nature, and turned his orbs on Georgiana.

"Vell, I schwears to gracious," he cried, "if she don't gone and sit all over de candy!"

Georgiana sprang to her feet and cast one agonizing glance at the back of her dress. The sitting-down part of her frock was covered with butter-scotches. The sight was too much for her nerves, and—

Alonzo's time had come. He sprang forward just in time, and she fell in a sort of half faint on his bosom, while his arm stole around her waist. In about three minutes, however, she recovered.

"It's my best Sunday-go-to-meeting, too," she murmured.

He whispered in her ear that a little soap and hot water would remove the stains—he was in the trade, you see. Then Alonzo and the vendor carefully removed the butter-scotches from her dress.

"Oh, vell," said the vendor, "it doesn't do no harm."

His mind was on the scotches. Well he knew that the average boy's stomach would not have been aware of the fact, if Georgiana had sat on the scotches for a week.

Can you wonder that Alonzo sat beside Georgiana, that he poured—not taffy; she had enough of that—sweet words in her ear; that when they parted on that eventful morning they were acquaintances? It is ever thus. That for which one yearns seems far beyond his reach; suddenly there come along—well, say butter-scotches, and lo! that which one craved is in his grasp.

V.

"Insensibly the twain move swift along,
By passion led——"

—BYRON.

Acquaintance fast ripened into friendship. Every morning they met on the elevated road, and engaged in light and airy converse. Soon he found his way to her home, and there listened to her father's tales of other days, when the Fitzaltamont owned their own barrow—

I mean carriage, or watched the flies steal down her mother's throat, as the good dame slept soundly in her chair.

Then in the summer eves he strolled 'neath the trees with Georgiana hanging on his arm, or, side by side, they sat on a bench in Mount Morris Park, or 'neath the moon's clear light they rowed upon the bosom of the lovely Harlem.

The fall came, and Alonzo knew that he was mashed. He yearned, yet feared, to ask her to be his bride. The morning séances made him yearn for the evening interviews; and the farewell kiss at night did not prevent him from craving to press her hand in the morning.

The tortured heart, desiring what seems to it the greatest bliss, and knowing—well, in short, if a man want's a woman he'll tell her so. It happened so with Alonzo.

VI.

"With throbbing heart and face grown pale,
The trembling lover tells his tale."

—SCOTT.

They had been to a variety show. It had been a charming evening, for Alonzo had provided unlimited peanuts and peppermint-drops. It was the hour when churchyards yawn, when Alonzo and his darling entered a car on the elevated road. It was as good as a private carriage, for they had the rear car entirely to themselves.

Whether it was the peanuts or the peppermint-drops that roused Alonzo's amorous feelings will probably never be known, but they had ridden scarcely a block when Alonzo threw his arm around Georgiana's waist and whispered in her ear:

"Darling, I love! Dost love me a little, just a little?"

For one fleeting moment she looked up into his eyes, and then softly placed her head upon his coat-lappel. Madly he pressed her form to his bosom, until the brakeman came along and exclaimed:

"Look here, do you want to break that girl all into pieces?"

He unfolded his arms and clasped her hand in his.

"Goosey," he murmured, "when shall we wed?"

He called her Goosey because she was a duck.

"As soon as you please," she whispered.

At the 125th Street station they debarked from that elevated railroad train, having, as the poet says, "four soles with but a single thought"—to get home.

VII.

"There is a tied in the affairs of men."

—SHAKSPERE.

It needs not that I should tell how a reluctant consent was wrung from old Fitzaltamont; it needs not that I should tell how love's young dream was dreamed; it needs not that I should state that Alonzo was the manliest of grooms and Georgiana the fairest of brides. All that I can leave to your imagination. Nor need I describe the magnificent presents that were showered on the bride; you can obtain a list of the articles in the dollar-store as readily as I can.

Suffice it to say that they were wed, and went on a tour to Hoboken, where they remained from Saturday night till Monday morning.

Both of them have vowed that if ever—and what can be more probable?—if ever—I don't see why I should not mention it—if ever they have children—there, it's out—those little ones shall be supplied with unlimited quantities of butter-scotches.

SPECIMEN BRICKS

FROM THE DICTIONARY OF THE FUTURE.

"WORDS, WORDS, WORDS."

A.

ART.—Like game; best when it is high.

B.

BABY (*the first*).—The only king by divine right.

BURLESQUE.—A play in which poor actors struggle hard to show a double meaning in words without any.

C.

CAT.—The troubadour of the XIX. Century.

CANNON.—The divine right of kings.

D.

DATES.—The fruits of history.

DRUMMER.—A man who often strikes "beats."

E.

EGOTISM.—A musical box playing only one tune and worked by perpetual motion.

F.

FAME.—Three lines in a biographical dictionary.

FLATTERY.—Mental soothing syrup.

FOOTMAN (*English*).—A pair of calves—with head to match.

G.

GOUT.—An aristocratic complaint in England and a popular gift in France.

H.

HUNGER.—A dumb dinner-bell.

HAND-ORGAN.—A musical gatling.

I.

INSANE.—The owner of a pistol when it goes off and kills his enemy.

IDEAS.—The small change from the mint of genius.

J.

JOKES.—A fellow who is pleased with a rattle—like a baby, and tickled with a straw—like a lemonade.

JEST.—The only thing one can crack with impunity in a china shop.

K.

KING.—The monarchs one makes in playing checkers are the only kings who ever have a chance of associating with equals.

L.

LULLABY.—The music of the past.

LOBSTER.—The cardinal of the dinner-table.

M.

MATCHES.—Said to be made in heaven, an explanation which altogether fails to account for the Lucifer variety.

MISER.—(Contracted from *miserable*) a poor wretch who wants nothing—and everything.

N.

NEWSPAPER.—A combination (not patented) of original sin, perpetual motion and ubiquitous omniscience.

NUN.—A woman whose value to society is indicated by this word.

O.

OVATION (from the latin *ova*).—A throwing of eggs; *e. g.* "The Count Johannes received a perfect ovation."OFFICE (*Printing*).—A place where there are more forms than ceremonies.

P.

POLITENESS.—The outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace.

Q.

QUACKS.—Professional guerillas.

R.

RULER.—A man employed to make people walk straight.

REAL.—An antidote to *ideal*.

S.

SIMILES.—The Macaulay flowers of rhetoric.
STYLE.—Putting on a swallow-tail and a white tie to go to the circus.

SUCCESS.—The prize in the sack-race of life.

T.

TIME.—The prologue of eternity.

TRIUMVIRATE.—An ancient example, say the Vassar girls, of the Rule of Three.

U.

UNITE (*in marriage*).—An anagram of *untie*.

V.

VERSE.—Is not the writing of a *ballade* a piece of villony?

VIGILANCE-COMMITTEE.—Dealers in Yankee Notions—neckties and suspenders.

W.

WHITE LIES.—Gentlemen-ushers of the black ones.

WIT.—A smooth bore when compared with the telescopic rifle of humor.

WILLOW.—A tree which weeps in advance for the pain its switches may cause the small boy.

X.

X-AGGERATION.—Drawing the long-bow to show that one does not take an-arrow view of things.

XERXES.—Was a great man; this is not a definition, but then X is a mighty worrisome letter, anyhow.

Y. Z.

Y-Z.—This alphabet is the production of a *wise-head*, although it is signed by A. Z.

RHYMES OF THE DAY.

NON UNUS SED MULTUM.

THE great change, which came o'er Kelly, Smith
& Co.'s wills,
Was made not by William, but by numerous
bills.

ARTHUR LOT.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

O short, cool nights! O hot, hot days!
I rest on hilltops brown and bare, too.
The while the cockney traveler says:
"These are the hills that flesh is heir to."

THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

Here lovely nature ever smiles
And poets dream of visions sightly;
For where there are a thousand iles
The lamp of poesy burns brightly.

SOCIETY.

WE do not intend to know folks
That ever are seen with show folks,
Because we have heard—
We have—on my word—
That they are exceedingly low folks.

ARTHUR PENN.

TWO NAUGHTY BOYS.

[See cartoon on first page.]

ONCE upon a time there were two little boys whose names were Sam-my and Ben-ny. Sam-my was rather small for his age, but he was not a fool and was very sly, and often got bigger boys to do all kinds of things for him, just as if he were big him-self. He learnt his book well, and could ci-pher bet-ter than any boy in the school.

One day he went out to play, and took his tasks with him to study, and some ci-pher copy-books which his teach-er had told him he must not use. The books and the pa-pers fell in the mud, and Sam-my tried to clean them and soiled all his new clothes and made his hands and face very dirt-y in-deed. If Sam-my had done as his teach-er had told him, he would not have been in such a plight.

Ben-ny was a very big Massachusetts boy. He did not go to the same school as Sam-my, but he was quite as well known as a smart boy. Ben-ny liked to fight, and the teach-er often pun-ished him for it. Ben-ny was also a bul-ly, and if a boy was not as strong as he was, he would tram-ple on him and give him a black eye.

Ben-ny, too, was al-ways very jea-lous of other boys, and wanted to have his say in every-thing. To do this he would often play with naugh-ty com-pan-ions. These wick-ed boys would pre-tend to like Ben-ny, but when his back was turned they would make fun of him. Ben-ny grew to be a very bad boy him-self, because he played with such bad com-pan-ions. If we do not wish to be like Ben-ny, we should only play with nice boys.

THE WALK FOR THE BELT.

THERE is just a little excitement in the Madison Square Garden, owing to the fact that a dozen or so of men are amusing themselves by trying to walk clean away from each for a bauble, in the way of a belt, that a British baronet wants the man who can ruin his constitution in the shortest possible time to keep.

It may be as well to mention that the belt, the simple Olympic wreath, as it were, is not the sole object for which these athletes are contending.

The dollars that are being taken at the doors will make for the fortunate winner ballast for his belt. We do not propose to discuss now the rights, wrongs, benefits or evils of pedestrianism, although there is much to be said all round the subject; but we have come to the conclusion that if Weston, or Rowell, or Hazael, or Ennis, or some other fellow doesn't win, another fellow will. We offer this opinion without any extra charge, and we would advise sporting men to make their bets accordingly.

POLO.



THE MUSTANG CEMETERY AT NEWPORT.



LITERATURE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS; OR,

A BOY WITH HIS OWN INJURY

THIS VARIETY WAS SMASHED WHILE STEALING A RIDE ON A COAL TRAIN

THE BODY
SHARPSHOOTER



ALL
THAT WAS
LEFT OF HIM

THE CHILD SUICIDE

A vintage poster with a dark, textured background. At the top, the text "THE FAST SHOP GIRL" is written in a stylized, hand-drawn font. Below the text is a black and white illustration of a woman with long, wavy hair, wearing a dark, sleeveless dress with a large keyhole cutout in the center. She is holding a large key in her right hand. At the bottom of the poster, the text "QUITE COMMON" is written in a similar hand-drawn style. A small, rectangular stamp with the words "PAIN & COMPANY" is visible near the bottom right of the illustration.

SATAN'S COLLECTION

THE KELLY CANVASS.*

TRIUMPHAL TOUR OF THE HONORABLE
JOHN KELLY THROUGH THE STATE.

Accompanied by a "Herald" Commissioner.

GREAT ENTHUSIASM!

SCOOPING 'EM IN!

THE DEMOCRACY SPEAKS.

THE FULLEST KIND OF DETAILS.

ALL FOR 10 CENTS.



SING SING, N. Y.,
September 20th, 1879.

IN accordance with your instructions, I proceeded this morning to join the grand cortège which accompanies the Hon. John Kelly on his great and unique electioneering tour.

Promptly at two-forty p. m. I mounted the triumphal chariot, a magnificent marvel of the coach-builder's art which formerly belonged to Mr. Daniel Rice's Greatest Show on Earth. The chariot is of a pattern neat, but not gaudy, and is decorated in delicate tones of vermilion, scarlet and orange, picked out with genuine gilt foil. I can positively assert that it is genuine gilt foil. The foil is very heavily gilt.

Mr. Kelly's team consists of thoroughbreds from the Tammany stables, all sound and kind in harness and quite accustomed to run with the machine. They are of Irish extraction, got by Difficulty out of the Tombs. Your correspondent handles the ribbons with his accustomed grace and ease; but he is obliged to enter a serious complaint to the effect that his fingers are greatly galled by the hard mouths of the team.

As I climbed to my place upon the box, Mr. Kelly saluted me with a playful boost. Mr. Kelly is very original in these little matters. He has a pretty way of using his toe instead of his hand, in this performance. It is wonderful how the most trivial action of a truly great man impresses itself upon the memory. Though several hours have elapsed, I can still distinctly recall this occurrence.

At the same time Mr. Kelly was graciously pleased to remark: "Skip, old boy, how are you?" Then turning to the driver, he said: "Schelly, me kid, button up de pocket wid dat whiskey into it."

Mr. Schell, I am pained to say, rendered the most servile obedience to his chief. If there is one thing which I hold essential to political purity, it is the independence of the individual.

[NOTE.—We have been obliged, in this instance, to do what may seem an unjournalistic thing, in outbidding our E. C. the *Herald*, and securing the services of its correspondent, for a large figure, part cash and part liquid. The correspondent will be heard from during the canvass.—Ed. PUCK.]

As the last long-drawn note of the postilion's horn died away upon the ambient air and the tympani of two boys and the peanut capitalist opposite the Germania Theatre, the ponderous wheels of the coach revolved, and we started upon our conquering career. The two boys lifted their hats—that is, the boy who had a hat lifted it, and the other looked as if he would have lifted his, had he possessed one. The goober speculator refrained from any demonstration. He is unquestionably a treacherous and Iscariotic Robinsonite.

Merrily we bowled away up the boulevard, toward our first stopping-place, which we reached at six p. m., having paused several times in our course, to moisten the chariot axles, the horn of the musical postilion and our whistles in general. We met with a slight mishap, in connection with a lamp-post and a gutter, just before we got to this initial haven, a charming retired retreat known as Bloomingdale.

Notwithstanding this slight drawback to our enjoyment, we scored an immediate and undisputed triumph. Mr. Kelly secured the hall of the Bloomingdale Hotel, and addressed the guests—technically termed inmates—with a fire and animation that instantly scored him an oratorical bulls-eye. The effect of his peroration was in some measure diminished by a rather awkward tumble, which Mr. Kelly took in endeavoring to descend from the platform; but I do not think that the audience observed this small contretemps; being composed principally of individuals much in sympathy with the idea of gymnastic expression of individuality. It is supposed that the Hon. John tripped over a pink zebra seen by another Tammany sachem, who has since taken up permanent quarters at the Hotel.

On the whole, the Hon. Mr. Kelly may be said to have won the hearts of all Bloomingdale by his fervid oratory and his phenomenal power of sternly logical argument.

I have no hesitation in saying that Bloomingdale is solid for Kelly.

I have bet a hat on this. That is, I have bet my present hat against a prospective and presumable hat wagered by a gentleman of the Sixth ward. I think I have him. This hat of mine is a lucky hat. I won it on Buchanan, in '56. I have bet it on several occasions since then, and have never lost. That is, events have been trumps for the other man, two or three times; but he has never reached for that hat. I suppose it is a fairly safe hat to bet.

We have just arrived in Sing-Sing. That is, we are camping out in a turnip-field five miles below. We were nearer the hen-coop; but the farmer creedmoored us with No. 6, and we thought it as well to pack closer to the rear. I will shortly write you how we have scooped in Sing-Sing.

Max Maretzek once more comes to the front at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC, and gives us to-night an American article, entitled "Sleepy Hollow," at popular prices.

The handsomest and most artistically decorated theatre in New York is Mr. Daly's, who opened it in the presence of an excellent audience last week. Several new and attractive faces were introduced. Miss May Fielding, who made her début in a sort of comedietta called "Love's Young Dream," knows how to sing. The piece itself, and that which followed—a very eccentric adaptation of "Niniche"—were anything but the Correct Ki-bosh—that is to say, they were perfectly dreary and dreadful to listen to. The heroism of those who sat them out is much to be commended. Who says that the age of chivalry has gone? Mr. Daly will, we know, give us something much better than these.

THE THEATRES.

"My Partner" was a success at the UNION SQUARE. Good for you, Mr. Bartley Campbell. We shall probably have something to say about it next week.

Aimée's successors are Mlles. Paola-Marié and Angèle, and very good successors they are, too. If PUCK may judge by the performance of "la Fille de Madame Angot," Mr. Grau has now placed us in a position to completely out-bouffe the best opera-bouffe in Paris, even if he allowed us to pick our own company from all the theatres in the place.

Everybody has heard of Carlotta Patti; but everybody has not heard Carlotta Patti sing. The opportunity will be afforded this evening at CHICKERING HALL, and it should be embraced—we mean the opportunity, not the hall. Carlotta possesses a wonderful violoncellist in the shape of a husband. He hails from Belgium, and his name is Ernest de Munck. He too can be heard, as well as several other real artists in their various lines. We shall be indebted to Mr. De Vivo for this musical treat.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—Her eyes were like twin stars at even.

A FRIEND.

ANOTHER FRIEND.

A WOULD-BE FRIEND.

} Thanks.

INTENTIONS.—An engagement of marriage ought always to be binding, to a true gentleman. A jury will generally give the verdict to the woman, in a breach of promise case.

PHILANDER BARTLETT.—The fact that you once possessed a maiden aunt who wrote verses does not entitle you to sponge on the muse. Talent is not always hereditary, and even if it were, we do not see how that fact would help you. Your father married the wrong sister.

A LADY.—We are much obliged to you for your general complimentary sweetness. As to your suggestion, we will adopt it as soon as we see a chance to do any good thereby. But the evil you complain of is really for you; not for us to remedy. We will tell you *how*, some day.

SCHUYLER AND JONES.—If it took your two gigantic intellects to get at that pun in close collaboration, all we can say is that you had better let another man in and go to writing for the London *Punch*. It likes that kind of thing, and used to be fond of publishing that very same pun, three or four times a year.

H. I. STORY.—We do not share your admiration for Epaminondas. Pam had his good points, but he was in many respects an objectionable person. He habitually referred to his trousers as "pants," and he used to tie up his toga in a knot behind, to keep it off the pavement. This was ingenious; but undignified, and nearly broke his mother's heart. There was something else that he nearly broke, too, and that was a faro bank in Paphos. You will have to give up Epaminondas as a hero. P. S.—You are mistaken about his nativity, anyway. He was not a Tuscarora Indian; but a Greek, and lived in the middle aorist.

J. L. COWELL, 49th St.—We don't see our way clear to making a double-page cartoon on the subject of the cats in your backyard. We have no doubt that the subject is one of incalculable interest and importance to the world at large, and that no paper could seek a higher and holier mission than that of restoring peace and calm to a denizen of 49th St. But at present we have to take care of Mr. John Kelly and Mr. R. B. Hayes, and General Grant and the Elevated Railroads, and Senator Conkling, and the Nicaragua Canal, and two or three other little matters, which may interfere with a full and exhaustive treatment of the cat subject. May. Probably will.

ARCHIE GASCOYNE

A ROMANCE OF SKYE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK,

BY

JOHN FRASER,

AUTHOR OF

"Effie: a Tale of Two Worlds;" "Essays from the Westminster;" "Duncan Fenwick's Daughter;"

"Fair Fragoletta;" "Scottish Chapbooks;" "A Dream of a Life;"

"Legends of Lorne;" "Lone Glengartney,"

etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WEARIED and worn out as he was by the conflicting passions and physical fatigue of the last twelve hours, it was long before Archie went to sleep, and when at last he did so, his slumbers were broken and disturbed. All sorts of hideous dreams flashed through his brain, and it was as well for him that no one was present to hear his feverish utterances and cries.

All that morning he tossed to and fro on the hard, narrow sofa, in the small, stuffy, confined little cabin, on which he had thrown himself, all dressed as he was; and when he did waken it was with a great cry, and a terrible throbbing at the heart.

"Great God!" and as the words broke from his lips large beads of sweat stood upon his brow, and he staggered to his feet and stared around him with a wild, bewildered glance, "where am I?"

Then, as his eyes took in the meagre details of the little cabin; the small, bare coarse wooden table; the low ceiling; the sloping wooden sides; the two small, circular glass windows; and his ear caught the swish and swirl of the water, and the monotonous, regular thud, thud of the engine, and he felt the vibration caused by the propeller, he remembered where he was, and with a great sign of relief sank back upon the sofa and cried:

"Thank God! thank God!"

For he had dreamed,—a terrible dream; and it was some minutes before he could bring himself to realise exactly where he was, and that it was not all a horrible reality. And the dream was this:

THE DREAM.

It was a quiet stream in his own native country—in one of the loveliest spots in all that lovely North, where painters have loved to linger from time immemorial, and whose charms great poets have consecrated in immortal song. Lovely beyond doubt it was, with that quiet, soul-satisfying loveliness which is only to be found in perfection in old England, and that only in certain conditions of weather and atmosphere, and at certain seasons of the year.

Through great, low-lying fields of golden grain, over which the evening breezes swept with impetuous, light feet, blending the radiant yellow of the corn and the bright, blood-red of the poppies in a glorious arabesque of gold and green and scarlet: past dark green woods and gently rising knolls of grassy green: away round moss-lichened boulders, topped by dark green firs, through which gleamed the red berry of the rowan: circling round towering crags, from whose frowning peaks ivy-mantled ruins of hoary castles stood out boldly against the glorious autumn sky, the river stole; and as the dreamer lazily guided the easy tiller and gently belling sail, a great happiness filled his soul, and he felt that this in very deed was Paradise.

For, with her head upon his breast, and her

fair, pure face looking lovingly up into his nestled the woman of his love. And never had she looked more beautiful. The dying radiance of the setting sun was flushing the western horizon with great streaks and masses of purple and azure and gold, and the reflection falling on her face lit it up with a soft, radiant glory.

"And you really love me, darling? Really?" he was saying, as he gazed down upon her with eyes of unutterable love.

"Oh, Archie, can you doubt it?" she murmured, as she pressed his arm gently, tenderly.

"Repeat it just once more then; only once more. Only say once more, 'I love you—I love you.'"

"I love you—I love you," she murmured once more, as a sweet flush dyed her cheek, and a soft light looked from her eye, and she hid her face in his breast.

And he stooped to raise her head and kiss her. And as he did so an icy shiver passed through him and chilled him to the heart. And he gently raised the head, and lo! instead of the beautiful fair face of the woman he loved, there grinned at him out of socketless eyes a ghastly skeleton.

With a shriek he tried to throw it off, and somehow as he tried it melted into thin air, and passed away. And lo! a mighty wind came out of the sky and beat the river into flakes of foam, and the boat crumbled from beneath and around him, and a great darkness fell upon the land, and he found himself alone—panting, struggling, swimming in a sea of BLOOD.

For the river banks had disappeared, and he was floating in a seemingly boundless ocean of blood; only that, far off to the west, there loomed up a dark, gray bank as of cloud. It was the shore of some unknown continent, and on it stood the woman whom he loved, and, great though the distance was, he could see her features as distinctly as if he were holding her in his arms.

And a sweet smile irradiated her face, and a great love shone from her eyes, and circling her proud, small, beautiful head gleamed softly a misty radiance like unto the radiance that circles the temples of the blessed.

And she smiled on him, and her lips moved as if they were uttering words of love, and she beckoned him to come to her. But the tide was strong against him; and the blood had a horrible, deadly, sickening stench; and his limbs found a great difficulty in moving, just as if he were swimming in a sea of thick, liquid gum.

But she beckoned him on, and after many hours,—which to him it seemed as so many ages—panting, struggling, faint and all but dead, he succeeded in reaching the shore.

And she bent down, and holding out her two white hands, she caught his in hers, and helped him to his feet, and the glory that shone from her face seemed to pass into his very heart and suffuse it with warmth and life and love.

And he clasped her in his arms in an ecstasy of emotion, and she hid her blushing face on his breast. And, as before, he gently stooped to kiss her, and raised her head, and lo! instead of the fair, sweet face, a ghastly skeleton grinned at him hideously out of its socketless eyeballs, in and out of which wriggled loathsome worms.

With a cry of agony he tried to shake off the hideous thing; but he could not. The more he struggled the tighter and deadlier became the horrible embrace. And as he struggled, not only the ocean, but land, air and sky became a bloody red, and across the heaven an unseen hand wrote in gigantic letters of lurid flame:

"THOU MURDERER!"

Then it was that, with a cry of agony, the dreamer awoke, and staggering to his feet, heaved a great sigh of relief to find that it was indeed a dream.

* * *

As Archie sat there still all trembling from his hideous nightmare, and overwhelmed and bewildered by a torrent of conflicting emotions, he heard a gentle scraping at the cabin door—a sound that seemed almost to have something of a pleading nature in it, as if the creator of it wanted, and yet was afraid, to attract the attention of the person inside.

Simple and slight as the sound was, it startled Archie to his feet, so highly strung were his nerves; as the rustling of a dead leaf is popularly supposed to terrify a murderer.

He listened. The sound was repeated, followed by a low wail. His face lit up; a joyful surprise flashed into his eyes.

"It is Schneider!" he cried, as he threw open the door, and sure enough it was Schneider—Schneider, his well-loved and faithful dog; a beautiful black and brown collie relieved with white; as true as steel; as brave as a lion; as wise as a man; and faithful unto the death.

From earliest boyhood Schneider had been his constant companion and friend; his faithful follower; the partner of his schoolday joys and sorrows; the recipient of all his boyish confidences.

For Schneider was wise beyond the average of even first-rate canine sagacity, and, as had been a thousand times observed, could do everything but speak.

And even as to that, was there not speech in those beautiful gray eyes of hers, so changeable in their expression; now joyous as the eyes of a child, as it gambolled beside its master; then keen with the fierce, glad intensity of the chase as it hunted down the hares among the heather; and again full of a wonderfully touching, wistful pathos and sympathy when Archie was in trouble and grief?

"It is Schneider!" he cried, as he hastened to open the door. Hardly had he turned the handle ere the faithful collie had bounded on him, frantic with joy, licking and kicking his feet, his body, his face.

In the excitement of the terrible night that had just passed; in the confusion and hurry and darkness, Archie had forgotten his humble friend, but Schneider, more faithful, had in no ways forgotten him.

Through the storm and the darkness she had followed the two horsemen all the way from Gleninver to Portree, and when unobserved had leaped on board the steamer and hid herself away behind a coil of ropes.

For, not having been taken into his master's confidence, and not having been asked to accompany him, Schneider felt instinctively that she might be doing wrong.

Hence the silence and stealthy secrecy of her movements; hence the reason why she slunk

away like a guilty thing behind a coil of ropes, and lay down to watch in the rain and the dark.

But when all was quiet and Archie had gone below, Schneider slowly and furtively crawled out from her hiding-place, and stole down the steep little stair, and lay down behind the door to keep guard over her master; happy only to be near him.

And there she had lain, without making movement or sound, all through the weary hours—happy, watchful, patient—until her quick ears caught the sound of that cry of horror which Archie gave as he awakened from his dream, and the poor dog knew at once there was something wrong—that he was in trouble—and timidly, anxiously, and more than half afraid, she made her presence known.

It would be hard to exaggerate Archie's pleasure at regaining his old friend, for he had got to love Schneider almost as a brother. It had been called so after old Rip Van Winkle's famous dog, in grateful remembrance of the pleasure afforded him when he was yet a boy in school, and Sir Alexander, one evening that they were in London, had taken him to see a famous American actor in that rôle.

It was Archie's "first play," and the memory of that matchless performance, so perfect in its rounded grace, its fine and exquisite humor, its more than womanly tenderness, its infinitely touching pathos—had remained fresh in his mind ever since.

So he had called the pup Schneider, and as now he patted and caressed her, and called her by all the pet names and endearing epithets he could think of, the memory of those boyish days came back to him, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Pshaw! Schneider," he said, as he brushed away those signs of weakness, "this will not do. Come, old friend, and let's see what's doing in the world above."

(To be continued.)



Puck's Exchanges.

NEW YORK police stations are called "club-houses" now.—*Boston Com. Bulletin.*

My son, emulate the mule, it is backward in deeds of violence.—*Oil City Derrick.*

MEMPHIS girls say "skursly."—*Boston Post.*
English girls say "'ardly hever."—*Albany Argus.*

THE fact that the Bible starts out with a snake-story is making lots of infidels. — *Boston Post.*

A BOY was arrested at "Manhattan" last week for playing on a Jews-harp.—*Port Chester Journal.*

Now is the time to put up your stove-pipe and get your fall soot.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

IT is said that Schurz will write a novel called "The (White) House of Seven Gables."—*Wheeling Leader.*

THE shot fired by De Young undoubtedly elected Kalloch. A man is frequently fired out of office; not often fired into one.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE man who says "And don't you forget it" a great many times in his conversation hasn't a great many things in his head to remember.—*Cin. Saturday Night.*

THERE are two stories about Mrs. Langtry which amount to a paradox. One is that she makes her own bonnets, and the other that Mr. Langtry wants a divorce.—*Buffalo Express.*

WHEN the dentists of this country can discover a way to pull teeth without making a man wish he had been born a hen, life will have twice as much brightness.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MANAGER GEMMILL, since the issue of his new free-pass order, has dropped *Hamlet* from his repertoire. To play that requires a dead-head in the grave-yard scene.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

THE president of a railroad company was run over and killed in Ohio the other day, by an engine. No such accident ever happened to the president of a savings bank.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

THE man who can invent a disinfectant that will smell twice as bad as anything else known, and who can allow a liberal margin to contractors, has a fortune before him.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

AMERICAN PRINCESS—Alfonso's proxy indeed! I would just like to see any proxy come and ask for my hand. If the fellow couldn't come himself, I would—marry the proxy.—*N. Y. Comm. Advertiser.*

"How to tell bad eggs," is the title of an article in an exchange. When you have anything to tell a bad egg, you must be careful not to break the shell while imparting the information.—*Norr. Herald.*

CORRESPONDENT—"Will the editor please inform me where my family can go on Sundays and be cool and comfortable without danger of being crowded?" Answer by the Rochester Democrat: Go to church.

THE Widow Oliver is to lecture on "The Working Classes" for the benefit of the yellow fever sufferers. We never heard Simon called that before, but he's been a pretty hard worker all his life.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

JUDGING from the way women cut hair, even in these advanced times, Sampson must have presented a frightful sight when Delilah got through shearing him. It's no wonder he got weak and felt all broke up.—*Wheeling Leader.*

A YOUNG clerk in Holyoke spent six hours in a refrigerator the other day, having been imprisoned by mistake. He felt, on coming out, as though he had just been entertained at a fashionable church sociable.—*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

TAKE tigers, elephants and Brother Jonathan away from Th. Nast and about half of his occupation would be gone. He had a fine opportunity for an original caricature on the Sprague-Conkling unpleasantness, but did not improve it. His failure to execute a great take-off on that suggestive occurrence can only be accounted for on the theory that there was no chance to work in a tiger, an elephant, a Brother Jonathan, or even a Goddess of Liberty.—*Rome Sentinel.*

Persons afflicted with diseases of the eyes can find no greater curative than **POND'S EXTRACT**. There are no harsh and irritating drugs in its composition, so that it can be used in any case without the least danger of injury to the most delicate organism. It has a strangely marvelous power to arrest and remove inflammation. It affords relief upon the first application, and producing the best results when its use is continued. Beware of imitations. Ask for POND'S EXTRACT—take no other.

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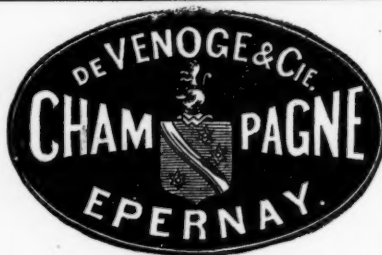
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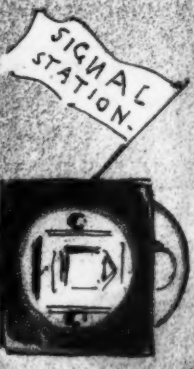
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Corporations may have no souls, but, great God! see what bodies they have!



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